

## SIX HUNDRED MILES OF FRIED CHICKEN.

A Lively Narrative of the Pursuit After Raider Morgan in 1863.

By THEODORE F. ALLEN,  
Captain, 7th Ohio Cav.; Erevet Colonel, U. S. Vols., Wilson's Cavalry Corps.

[In the preceding issue Capt. Allen told how the Union force under Gen. Holston, while pursuing Raider Morgan through Indiana and Ohio, was loaded down by the loyal citizens with good things to eat, principally fried chicken and blackberry pie.]

Morgan's force did not exceed 2,000 troopers when he invaded the States north of the Ohio River. Now, 2,000 horsemen make a big showing, and to the excited male citizens whose horses were being seized right and left, and to the excited female citizens whose loaves of bread were being seized at the oven-doors, this number was easily magnified to 10,000, and this was the number uniformly reported to us by the excited citizens, when they stopped long enough from singing "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys," and handing out fried chicken, though we knew this number did not exceed 2,000.

Our march across the State of Ohio was in many ways painful, as our horses were failing rapidly and the men were greatly exhausted for the want of sleep. Twenty-two hours marching out of each 24 was more than the horses could stand in their exhausted condition. Our ambulance had been dropped long ago, but our medical officers, mounted on the ambulance horses, were with us.

We were now at home in southern Ohio, and many of the troopers of our regiment passed their own door-steps, stopping only long enough to kiss the members of their families, and for a brief time listen to their song of "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys," and partake of some more fried chicken and blackberry pie.

At Piquette, O., the Home Guards had delayed Morgan's advance, and we began to pick up some of his stragglers. In the literal sense of the word there were no stragglers, but were mostly men who were so worn down and utterly exhausted that further effort was impossible. When found these men were always asleep, not in a gentle doze, but apparently dead. We would have to shake them and roll them about roughly to awaken them. Even by the roughest usage we could hardly get them wide awake. Often they would reply to questions, but in a dazed sort of a way and evidently yet asleep. When finally we got them wide awake, they showed the greatest consternation and alarm, and asked how it all happened that they could go asleep among Morgan's men and wake up to find themselves prisoners in the hands of Holston's Union cavalry. They always wanted to know what had happened in the meantime, and what had become of Morgan.

It looked here, however, as if we might overtake the raiders within a few hours and bring them to bay.

The Home Guards were now exceedingly active in "peppering" the raiders with their shot-guns and squirrel-rifles, and in tearing up bridge-floors, felling trees across the roads, and in every way possible delaying their march. The same willing hands which thus delayed Morgan opened the way for us, the pursuers. The roads were opened, the bridge-floors were relaid, and every possible effort made to help us.

One patriotic citizen seeing the distress of my horse, very willingly brought me a good horse, which he had in hiding, in exchange for my sadly-wearied animal.

PLUNDERED BY MORGAN.

On their march across the States of Indiana and Ohio Morgan's men passed through a very rich and prosperous region, as well as through many thriving towns where a hostile troop had never before been seen or expected.

The cavalry soldier when on a raid of this kind in the enemy's country does not draw a fine distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. The general rule is that "whatever is set of doors is mine and whatever is indoors belongs to my messmate." Acting upon this convenient rule the Confederate troopers loaded themselves and their horses with every conceivable thing, taken mostly from the stores of the towns they passed through. It had been years since they had had such good shopping opportunities, and in justice to them it may be said they shopped liberally, ordering all their purchases to be charged to Jeff Davis. One humorous fellow said he was glad to find the stores so well stocked, and that they compared more than favorably with the stores in Dixie, and that he found no occasion whatever to find fault with the prices. Not only did they provide generously for themselves, but they did not forget to remember the "girls they left behind them." The storekeepers thought they must have left an awful lot of girls, or were providing with great indulgence for the few. At all events, they loaded themselves and their horses and even spring wagons with a vast quantity of plunder, such as muslin by the bolt, calico by the hundred yards, boots, shoes, stockings, coats, gloves, underwear, etc. The hardware stores were by no means neglected, and it is related that bird-forges were choice articles of demand, though it cannot truthfully be said that they went at high prices.

TO BRING HIM TO BAY.

On the 18th of July, nearly three weeks after our start from the Cumberland River, Gen. Holston, having kept himself well advised of Morgan's probable plans, and learning that the enemy was heading for the fords of the Ohio, at Buffington Island, ordered that the picked men of three regiments—the 7th Ohio Cav., under Col. Ismael Garrard; the 8th Mich. Cav., under Col. Wm. P. Sanders, and the 2d Ohio Inf., under the command of Col. A. V. Kautz, of the last-named regiment, with two pieces of artillery—should be pushed ahead to make a supreme effort, sparing neither man nor horse till Morgan was brought to bay and compelled to fight.

It was my good fortune to be selected as a factor in this forlorn hope. This force of picked men tightened their belts and took up their saddles for the sixteenth consecutive all night march on the evening of July 18.

Col. A. V. Kautz, the commander of this flying column, was an officer of the Regular Army, who had previously commanded our brigade, and with whom we had served for some time. He was a thoroughly capable leader, had our utmost confidence, and we were only too glad to follow his flag, which we felt certain would lead to victory.

As we sprang into our saddles for this supreme and final effort Gen. Holston bid us "Godspeed," and assured us of his prompt support in every way with the remainder of the force under his command.

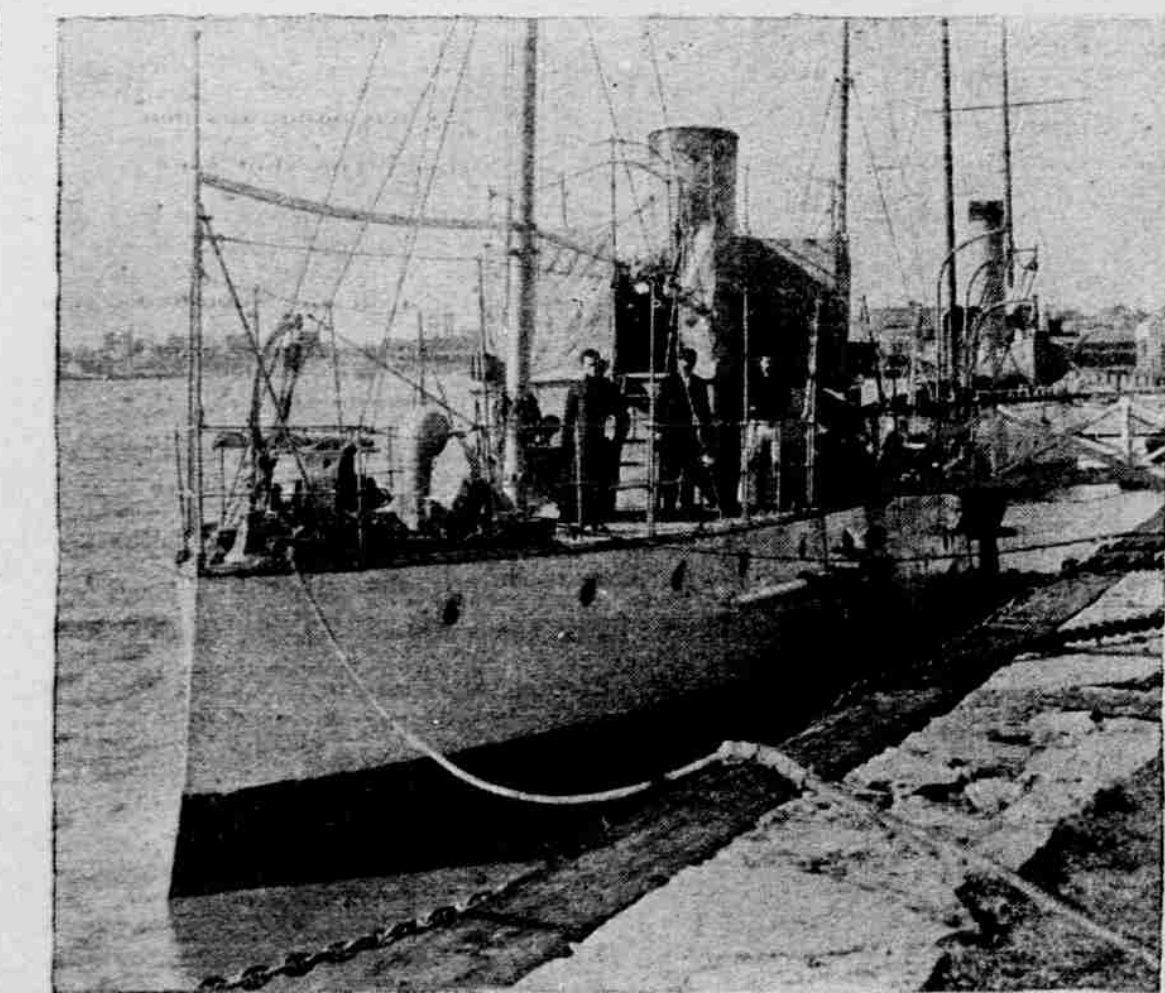
Our column swept swiftly through the Summer night, the officers and men all keenly alert, and fondly cherishing the hope that we might fully realize Gen. Holston's expectations in selecting us for this final effort. Little was said by men or officers as the night hours passed. Each soldier seemed to be silently intent upon pushing forward as rapidly as possible and wondering whether the morrow would bring us victory or defeat. Like a phantom troop in dreamland,

"On the march, each wind-sod troop, the purple midnight through, Now at a walk, now at a trot, as 'twas passing in review, With salery drawn, and misty banners waving over all, And drifting upward to 'twas stars an inspiring bugle-call, The phantom sounds of battle float along the peopled air, Murled commands—the Captains shouting, and hark! a distant cheer."

## FINDING THE ENEMY.

Just as the sky was growing gray with the coming dawn on July 19, the welcome sound of a half-dozen shots by our advance-guard told us we had struck Morgan's outpost. Col. Kautz instantly pushed his command forward at a brisk gallop. Debonching from the river hills into the Valley of the Ohio near Buffington Island, we developed Morgan's force, where it had been delayed by fog, waiting for daylight to find the river into West Virginia. Morgan's 2,000 horsemen were in the lower end of a valley that lay between the hills and the river.

The Union troops under Gen. Judah, coming up the river from Pomeroy, where the steamboats had landed them, approached the enemy about the same time our vanguard of Gen. Holston's force, led by Col. Kautz, began the descent into the middle of the valley occupied by Morgan. Col. Kautz attacked immediately upon arrival; our two pieces of artillery, answering Judah's guns, informed Morgan that those who had followed him from the Cumberland River had closed in on him.



THE SANDOVAL AND THE ALVARADO.

Two Spanish gunboats were a center of interest at the Washington Navy-yard for some days. They are the Sandoval and the Alvarado, taken at the capitulation of Santiago de Cuba, and now flying the Stars and Stripes. They are in command of American naval officers who were prominent in the operations in the West Indies, one being Lieut. Barnard, of the Navy, the first American officer to report upon the position of Cervera's fleet in the benighted harbor of Santiago. The boats were in the harbor when the city surrendered last July. The Sandoval was sunk by the Spaniards, who took this means of endeavoring to prevent her from falling into the hands of the Americans after the surrender of the city. She had been damaged but little, however, and was easily raised by the American engineers.

The Sandoval and the Alvarado are small gunboats and are in a fairly good condition, but will be repaired. The gunboats were built for use in the shallow waters of the West Indies, and will be of great service to the Navy for patrol duty about the islands, and in the small harbors of Cuba and Porto Rico. Drawing but five feet four inches of water, the little boats can run in almost any place without fear of grounding. They are of steel construction, and were launched in 1895 at Clydebank. They have triple-expansion engines and one screw propeller each; have one funnel or smokestack and two pole masts. The other dimensions are: Length, 110 feet; beam, 15 feet six inches; displacement, 100 tons. Their coal capacity is 10 to 17 tons; speed, 19 knots; armament, one six-pounder and one one-pounder.

Our illustration shows the Sandoval in the foreground and the Alvarado astern of her.

With the rising of the sun the fog lifted, showing the gunboats in the river, and to Morgan all hope of escape by fording the shallow bar was gone.

The one desperate chance of escape was by the road leading out of the upper end of the valley, and towards the hills. Morgan's command, stampeded troopers swept through the standing grainfields of the fertile farmlands, with Col. Kautz's command in hot pursuit. We have known of battlefields of "sombre hue under leaden skies," but this field of battle in the fair Valley of the Ohio surprised us greatly with its flashes of color, changing into a scene of the most superb brilliancy under the Midsummer sun. We had previously experienced the inspiring sight of an "army with banners," but the banners referred to were tame and colorless compared with the battle scene spread before our eyes in our charge upon Morgan that July morning.

## CHASING RAINBOWS.

Immediately the stampede began each one of Morgan's troopers began to unload the "plunder" carried on his horse—boots, shoes, stockings, gloves and bird-eyes were scattered to the winds. Then the flying horsemen let loose their bolsters of muslin and calico; holding one end, each trooper let the whole fanned yards or more stream out behind him, thus showing under the bright skies banners galore. In colors these were violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, white and red—embracing every color of the rainbow—and many shades and tints impossible to describe.

The most gorgeous kaleidoscopic view imaginable would not tend to describe the retreat of this "army with banners"; and

instantly, though greatly to our surprise, we found ourselves to be "rainbow chasers" in almost the literal sense of the word.

No road could accommodate such a confused mass of 2,000 flying horsemen, and they spread out across the narrowing valley. Across the upper end of this valley a stream came down out of the hills to the river, cutting its way through the plain in a deep gorge. Into this gorge plunged and piled the flying cavalry, with their wagon-loads of plunder, and our notes close behind them.

Some succeeded in getting beyond this sunken gorge to continue their flight, though many, dismounted and disabled, were captured here, while some halted a short distance beyond in the forest-clad hills, to surrender rather than continue a hopeless flight from this crushing defeat.

While we were energetically engaged in gathering in the large number of prisoners captured at this sunken gorge, a flag of truce was brought to Col. Garrard by a Confederate officer, who stated that Col. Howard Smith, with a few other officers and men of Morgan's command, were in the woods nearby; having been cut off from their command, and knowing the uselessness of further effort, they would surrender if an officer were sent to receive them.

Adj't Allen and Lieut. McColeen, of the 7th Ohio Cav., were sent to give them safe escort within our lines. These prisoners were received by the writer of these lines, who was greatly surprised to learn that Gen. Basil Duke was in company with Col. Howard Smith. Gen. Duke bore himself with dignity, and I would not have known that I had him with the other prisoners if one of his own men had not accidentally disclosed his identity to me. In company with Gen. Duke and Col. Howard Smith were some 15 or 20 other Confederate officers and soldiers, who surrendered under the flag of truce sent to Col. Garrard.

After escorting the detachment to our lines, I found that during my absence Col. Garrard had proceeded in pursuit of such as had escaped capture at the sunken gorge, but before going had left a detachment of the 7th Ohio Cav. to wait for my return, and with orders for me to remain on the river bank with the prisoners till further orders from him.

## AN UNUSUAL SCENE.

The prisoners and guards in my charge rested for a few moments on the river bank, all gazing wistfully at the flowing river. It must be borne in mind that both Morgan's and Holston's cavalry had been in the saddle for about three weeks, with scarcely more than an hour's rest on any day. Not a man of the entire 5,000 troopers had had his clothes off in three weeks, during all of which time we had ridden in the cloud of dust that at times it was impossible to see five yards ahead. It can be readily understood that under these circumstances a bath would be very much in order and would be very welcome.

As we sat on the river bank, first one man and then another asked permission to go to the water's edge to wash his face, till pretty soon about one-half the men, both Union and Confederate, were at the river edge washing their faces and wiping the dust out of their eyes, ears, and nostrils. This proved to be such a half-way sort of business and so unsatisfactory that the men asked permission to go in swimming.

Recognizing the merit of this request, I gave permission to one-half the prisoners and one-half the guards to go in swimming together, and our guard had to stand by and take their turn. The men stripped off, and "Yankees" and "Joannies" were soon splashing in the river together. The first detachment having completed their scrubbing, the second detachment took their turn.

While the men were bathing, one of the Confederate officers turned to me and pointing to the naked soldiers in the water said, "It is difficult to tell 'tween 'em," meaning that he found difficulty in distinguishing between Union and Confederates when they were stripped and afloat in the water. I quickly agreed, as at that instant I was debating in mind if there might be any danger of "getting the boys mixed";

but a glance at the line in dusty blue on shore with their Spencer carbines ready for duty reassured me, and I permitted the boys to gambol in the water to their hearts' content.

One of Morgan's men while in the water diligently scrubbing off the three weeks' accumulation of dust, being surprised at the quantity to be removed, remarked that if all of Morgan's men were as dirty as he, the way of escape was for Morgan to have put his whole division into the river at once, with orders to scrub themselves, and enough dirt would have been released to shoal the river and give easy fording at any place.

After the bath the guards shared the contents of their haversacks with the prisoners, and we spread ourselves out on the grass under the shade of nearby trees, in regular picnic fashion, resting and waiting for orders.

## MEETING CAPT. HINES.

One of the officers with Gen. Duke gave me a little Confederate flag about the size of your two hands. I accepted this little flag, and asked the officer his name. He replied, "Capt. Hines." (The Capt. Hines referred to recently died at Frankfort, Ky. At the time of his death he was Chief Justice of the State Court of Appeals, and one of the best officers ever occupying this high office. His death was greatly lamented.)

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound." This quotation suggests itself by reason of the fact that, under the varying fortunes of war, less than four months after the events written of in the foregoing, in a sharp cavalry engagement in East Tennessee, I found myself a prisoner-of-war in the hands of the 4th Ky. Cav. of Gilmer's Brigade, one of Morgan's regiments, but fortunately made my escape within 12 hours.

The prisoners captured by the 7th Ohio were turned over to the Union officer in charge of prisoners at Cheshire, O., and with this our connection with the Morgan raid ended. Gen. Morgan himself was not captured for several days later, but the raid ended at Buffington Island, O., and the subsequent flight of Morgan with his detachment of a few hundred men did not avail him anything.

From the time of Morgan's landing on the Indiana side of the Ohio River until his defeat at Buffington Island, O., not less than 100,000 "Home Guards" were called into the field to "suppress him." The forces of veterans under Gen. Holston who pursued Morgan "from start to finish" comprised about 3,000 cavalry. Morgan gave us a "good run for our money," but with pluck, courage and good leadership we overcame all obstacles and had the gratification of knowing that our duty had been fully performed, and that on July 19, in the engagement at Buffington Island, we had served our country well.

One cannot but admire the dash, skill and courage of Morgan and Duke which enabled them to lead their 2,000 troopers on such a raid, baffling for so long a time the efforts of more than 100,000 men to capture them. It must be borne in mind that the date of this invasion was at the high-tide of rebellion. The people of the North were in a frenzy of excitement. This period marked the capture of Vicksburg, with all of Pemberton's army, by Gen. Grant; the retreat of Lee's sullen and disappointed army from the blood-stained fields of Gettysburg, and the capture of Morgan, who, with his "Flowers of the South," a million bonders, celebrating the victory of our arms, burned with lurid flame in the cities, towns, villages, hamlets and cross-roads of the Northern States.

Soon after the close of this raid, our regiment, the 7th Ohio, formed a part of Gen. Sherman's army, which occupied East Tennessee. We had an active campaign here for six months, and saw our cavalry horses die from hunger, while our veteran cavalrymen sustained life on a small portion of parched corn; and then, more than ever before, we cherished the memory of the six hundred men of fried chicken we had on the Morgan raid.

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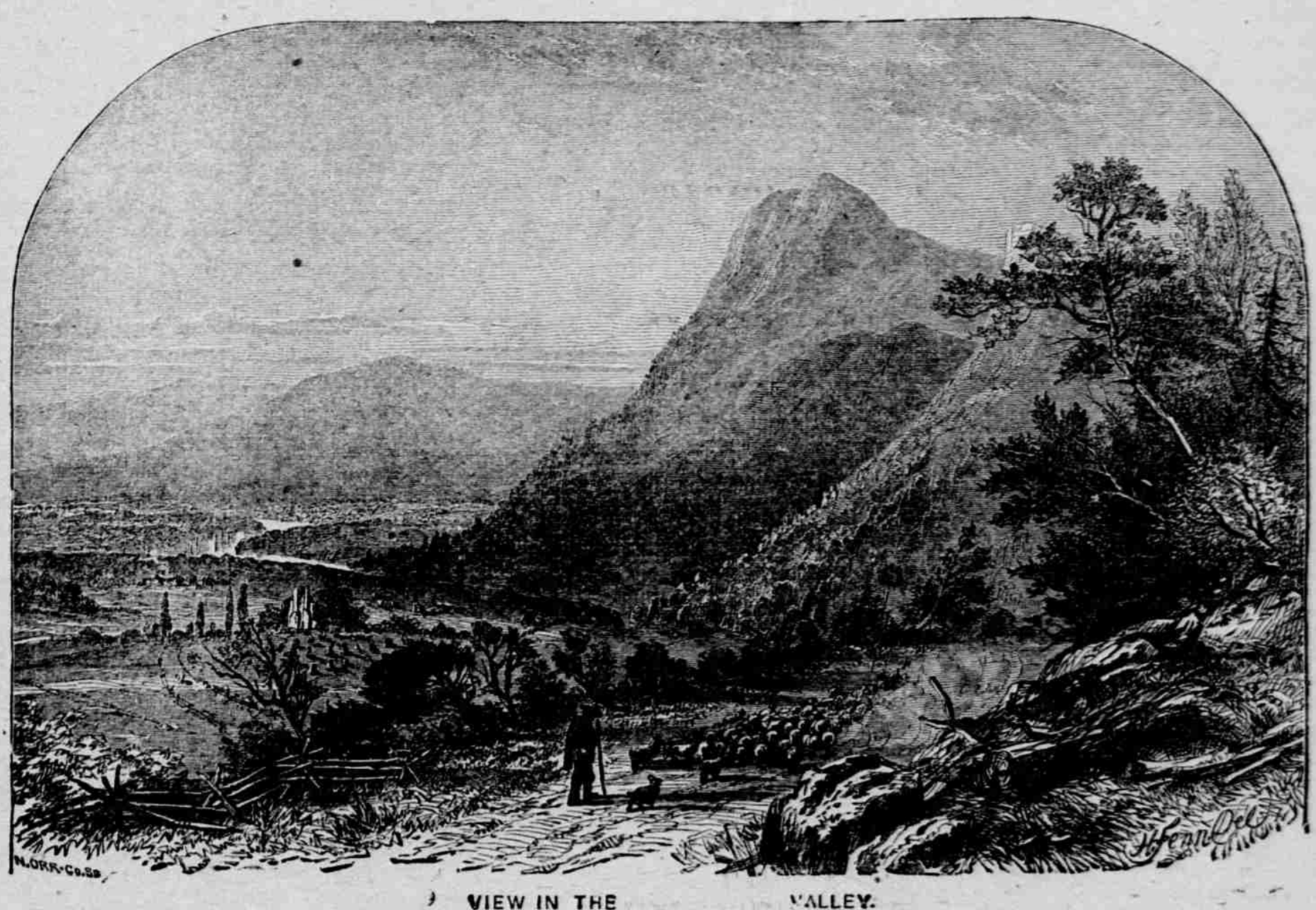
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